Characters

- Instructor
- 4 Negroes
- Klansman
- Hippy President
- Woman
- Gitl
- Malcolm X
- Attendant
- S
- Banker

Act

Inner chambers of Uncle Sam Central. Men in Uncle Sam suits, some with long hats. The officers with fake beards to signify their rank. Some walking rapidly. Some talking animatedly. Busy office . . . staging area for para-military operation.

Operating room. Crystal tank for body submersion. Drugged Negroes lying almost at random around the room, strapped to tables . . . some nodding as if to come out of it.

Still another level downstairs. Slick bohemian . . . or arty nice white girls stroll in and out. Sign in place points out "Staging Area."

Still another level of facade of 1st level is mock coffee shop, beer joint, &c˙ Special exits, &c˙ Loud music . . . interracial couples, &c˙

A tall white girl bends to kiss one drugged black figure on a stretcher, before he's wheeled away down the corridor to the operating room. Sign in corridor and outside hall reads "I˙A˙B˙S˙" Institute for Advanced Black Studies.

Closeup of doctors operating on black boy, taking out his mindsoul, replacing it. They take out a black brain, substitute a white one for it.

Into a classroom. Just off staging area. Four Negroes stare glassy eyed at a blackboard upon which a white man in an Uncle Sam suit is writing certain instructions: "White is Right" (writes on board).

INSTRUCTOR

Now repeat after me.

(They repeat.)

White is Right. Right?

NEGROES

(They answer).

Right!

INSTRUCTOR

This is why the white man is so cool. This is why the white man is so great.

(He is pounding the board with his chalk for emphasis. The dazed BLACKS *repeat his phrases deadly.)*

In a war room of the staging area. Another white man is pointing at plans for a large hotel. He points at each black man in the room. "Now, 'A,' what do you do?"

ATTENDANT

I stage the commotion.

WHITE MAN

"B"?

BANKER

I lead my men up the side hallway and through the front aisle, blasting after the first shot.

WHITE MAN

"C"?

C

I get the four bodyguards out of the way, chasing the commotion with an order.

Back in the classroom they are showing movies of a black caricature, now minstrel, now laughing insanely, now walking hunchbacked and meek, and whining over his fate. The blacks in the audience boo and cheer, stomp their feet and wring their hands.

"Save us master . . . save us." Some of the blacks are screaming, stomping, pounding on the chairs. When the film is over these blacks will sit stiff with dazed staring eyes.

War room. "O˙K˙ A, B, C, let's hear it again." The white instructor pointing with his stick.

The inner sanctum. The USam chiefs all dressed like Sam . . . some of the higher ranked with crowns and scepters, or dressed like George Washington image with bandage wrapped around his head, some with Roman togas, some with Greek dress, a cave man, Vikings, Cortes' people, &c˙, sit around discussing some issue quietly to themselves. While the chief, a young blond man with a neat goatee and sunglasses, is talking very animatedly on a television phone. He is talking to a fat dragon klansman. (If black and white film, suddenly switch to color to get the crimson, green, and gold gown.) The klansman sits in a luxuriously furnished room, surrounded by human bones and skeletons. Out a window behind him, the capitol bldg˙, or Washington Monument . . . some indication that it is Washington, D˙C˙

KLANSMAN

Well, what's holding things up then?

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Authorization . . . but we'll get that probably this evening.

KLANSMAN

You only got a little while, friend . . . you guys better not throw this chance away, don't you know. Lotta people counting on you.

(Smiles/leers.)

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Don't worry . . . Don't worry . . . you just make sure your section has their end taken care of. You talk to the old man again?

KLANSMAN

That ol' nigger's giving us trouble . . . but don't you worry about that. It'll be taken care of in the usual way.

(Rubs fingers together signifying money.)

But you know all that . . . I seen one of your men hanging around me for the last week!

(Laughs.)

Classroom. A slide on the board of the Praxiteles . . . other Greek sculptures. Dazed blacks scream, "The beginning of thought . . . The beginning of Culture . . . God! God!"

INSTRUCTOR

Yes . . . Yes . . . you're getting it now . . .

(Eyes wild w/joy, he and BLACKS *foaming at the mouth.)*

Yes! Yr getting it now!!

(A group of half-naked white girls dance across the screen.)

HIPPY PRESIDENT's office. Goateed man w/dark glasses kisses telescreen, as he turns it off. He turns from the screen and moves through the crowd, and all the assembled touch him. There are sex-senuous cries and love moans . . . i˙e˙, from the Greek, the Roman, the Viking, &c˙

Operating room. Closeup of scalpel cutting into black flesh . . . Faces of the assembled.

Tall lump faced man in a white 100 Stetson twirls rope in rodeo fashion, sings — "I'm a cracker / A dumb cracker too / I'm a cracker / A crackeroo." Repeats, ending with a long "Whoooooo," twirling rope, and leaping in the air. A crowd applauds. They hoist signs, of weird origins . . . e˙g˙, one says "Hip White Stuff," another, "We want a lasting piece," dollar bills surrounding the lettering. One dazed black has a sign, "Please cool me out, white daddy." But most of the signs are admiring, e˙g˙, "Hail to Lumpy Jaws." But in the

background black protest signs are raised higher than all. "Freedom or Death" &c˙

The door of an apartment is being beaten down. The man inside is dressed like an artist. His long haired, round eyeglassed woman sits on the bed, smoking nervously.

WOMAN

Louis . . . what . . . ???

LOUIS

Get the weapons quickly!

(The door crashes in, BLACK MEN *screaming with spears and swords crash through the door! They attack . . . On the wall of the room a picture of the man with dark glasses and goatee.)*

A white cop in a black neighborhood looks up suddenly, and a garbage can is speeding for his head. He screams! Scene is repeated several times.

The klansman grinning . . . looking out his window at the capitol . . . talking on the phone. "Look, you ol' nigger. . . I told you you'd be taken care of. God damn it. Look, we can't talk like this . . . I know this is a special phone. . . but it's tapped too! When? Nigger sometimes you make me mad. You carry that poppycock of yours too far. That stuff's only for niggers. You keep them spirits to yrself." (Laughs . . . grows quickly sullen . . .) "Now, look . . . you do what I tell you or you won't have any following at all. Yeh . . . that's right . . . He's got to die!"

War room. White man in US suit speaking. "All right you men go upstairs check your plans and routes, then get some sleep. You'll have to be on your way by 0900 tomorrow. There's a lot to do, before that. (On the wall a movie of lightskinned Negroes dancing a cotillion. On the arch where they pass under a huge sign says "Klugteufel Beer.") The black men raise their arms and shuffle woodenly out of the room, murmuring ecstatically.

Long rows of rolling stretchers, moving down a narrow corridor. Blacks to be operated on. Coming out of the other side of the operating room another long line . . . those already altered. Some stirring, smiling. Some blowing kisses. The attendants pointing.

The fat klansman with a blonde riding on his shoulders around the room. He has the top of his klansuit down, leaving his chest naked. She is licking his shoulder. She is screaming, "Giddyap, big pappa . . . giddyap!" He makes whinnying sounds, like a horse, and bucks stupidly.

Man w/goatee in his private office talking silently, on phone, curled in chair. Jazz playing quietly on box, in the walls. He rocks back and forth in an upholstered rocker. Puts phone down . . . buzzer sounds . . . he touches box at his elbow, "Yes" . . . (answer over intercom, "Col˙ Walters, sir.") "Send him in!"

White man in US suit who was in war room comes in with papers, writing board, &c˙

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Walters

(Extends hand.)

sit down for Christ's sake.

WALTERS

Yes, sir.

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Well, what's happening, Walt?

WOMAN

Everything's together, sir. Project Sambo looks like it'll go off without a hitch.

HIPPY PRESIDENT

(*turns meditatively in chair, looking out window at Washington. Speaks quietly and with great satisfaction*).

Yes . . . good . . . good . . . only one more project to be completed before the main one. Hummm, just one possible hangup . . .

WOMAN

That ol' witchdoctor . . .

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Yes, but he's no problem at all, really. Our fat friend has the keys to his heart

(*Rubs fingers together in money sign.*)

. . . that

(*laughing*.)

and the Gandhi syndrome.

(W˙ *laughs*.)

HIPPY PRESIDENT

(*cont˙*).

But the quote followers unquote are ready? You've done yr job?

WOMAN

(*sobers*).

Yes sir. They're ready now to kill.

HIPPY PRESIDENT

Good . . . They'll have their chance very soon.

Main intelligence gathering room at USam Central. Huge room with television sets all over the walls. Radio voices beaming in. From far flung lands . . . murders . . . coups . . . treachery . . . jokes . . . murder voices

cackling on and on. Men and women march around in Uncle Sam suits, tending to their business. Camera covers the room showing various information gathering activity. People reporting, rank delineation, &c˙

Klansman sprawled on woman, talking, laughing. Image of capitol over his shoulder.

KLANSMAN

Yes, tomorrow's a big day, baby, a big day . . . Ha, ha, and in my humble capacity let's say, I'm a heavy contributor.

GIRL

(*laughs, squeals*).

Oh, oh, oh, you're so important . . . I've never known anyone quite like you . . . you're Godlike . . . that's what I think . . . I think you're Godlike.

(KLANSMAN *laughs, squirming and rocking his butt. His hand shoves out to turn on the television*.)

Television studio. A panel show is in progress . . . two white men seated flanking a tall hard jawed black man with rimless sunglasses. The black man is speaking . . . shaking his finger at the moderator and the tv cameras.

X

No, finally it is the fact that you are evil. Evil. It is that simple fact that will animate the rest of the world against you! That simple alarming fact of your unredeemable evil. You are all disqualified as human beings

(*Voice rises sharply*.),

disqualified by your inhuman acts . . .

Klansman's bedroom. (Malcolm's voice is droning over the television, "by your inhuman acts . . . your filth and your evil.") Klansman looks up at tv, stares hard at the words and the (unseen) face, his face twisted in a leering grimace, then he begins to laugh.

KLANSMAN

Hahaha . . . yr right nigger . . . yr right . . . hahaha . . . by our evil . . . hahaha . . . but what good will it do you . . .

(*laughing hysterically . . . his female companion follows with highpitched shrieks*.)

Out the window, down the street. A crowd of civil rights marchers, the Negroes impeccably clad. They are chanting mindlessly, "LET US BE AMERICANS." It is an integrated picket line, fat white ladies with sparkling necklaces . . . priests and ministers ogling each other. They are led by a tall "distinguished" looking Negro with greying temples. He is walking in long gallant strides, turning his head from one side to the other to take in the applause (and abuse). The streets are lined with white people.

Shots of the windows of the official offices. Laughing fat faces, pointing and ridiculous. There is music with the marchers. Some of the marchers are singing "WE SHALL BE WHITE" in a spiritual vein . . . "WE SHALL BE WHITE" . . . they walk down the street with a militancy . . . but bereft of humanity. Beautiful automatons. "WE SHALL ALL BE WHITE." The rich ladies scream with laughter. Bohemians promenade. Cops line both sides of the street, some snarling and baring their teeth. Most of the people that line the streets

are in USam suits and cop suits.

As the crowd of marchers passes down the street chanting their slogan, we begin to see a crowd of policemen and plainclothesmen gathering slowly at a point in advance of the marchers.

Some of the marchers we recognize from the classroom or the operating room. And as the procession moves down the street . . . employees of the USam bureau are going in and out.

Cops and plainclothesmen stop marchers . . . They kneel and begin to pray. "Oh, white Northamerican God, help us . . . help us to be like you and your loved ones." The marchers repeat their whines. They begin to weep en masse, the leader bawling like a baby. All praying, hands to chin, rolling their eyes. The policemen's clubs and billies beating the demonstrators in agonizing slow motion. Camera moves away from the scene, widening the shot, to include the whole ritual-like melee.

Television studio. Guards standing around in presence of a speaker . . . Secret Service types. A voice announces, "Ladies and gentlemen the president of the United States." Assembled people applaud. Closeup of a handpuppet speaking into the cameras, gesturing, like a speaker, like a president making a state of the union message, or at an official press conference.

HIPPY PRESIDENT

(*in cowboy accent*).

"Friends, violence . . .

(*Aside*.)

to us . . . hahaha, is not the answer. The only answer is the law, and law abiding citizens. Rome wasn't . . . hahaha . . . built in a day.

(*Aside*.)

Nor without slaves . . . hahaha . . . We will have an equitable society, a beautiful society, but it must be built through the laws of the land . . . by strengthening those laws not marching in defiance of them!! America is a beautiful country . . . a beautiful idea . . . America will exist forever.

(Applause from people out on the street, watching tv's in an appliance store window.)

Police beating the marchers. The greyhaired man stands, untouched, at the center of the melee. He is beatified, a red white and blue halo appears illuminating around his head. Now he turns and addresses the embroiled marchers. With his arms still spread, as if to bless them, he says in the midst of the turmoil: "Go home my children . . . we have proven our point, that love is stronger than hate!" People's heads are being cracked open . . . women are wrestling with policemen. The greyhaired man goes on: "Go home, my children . . . we have beaten them, I say, we are this day blessed! We will be white . . . We will be whiter than them" (points at the policemen; at the white crowd). "Whiter, much whiter." He says the last words into a wrist radio.

Instructor in classroom, white man in war room, bearded pres˙, klansman, all pick up on what's being said, through speakers in their offices. Come to focus closeup of bearded man and klansman, each with their different laughter. Final image of handpuppet, listening to wrist radio, breaking up with weird puppet laughter.

Night: The sky is a monstrous American flag, illuminated as if in neon, the red, the white, the blue . . . the

stars, in the flag, glowing.

Underneath, an occasional scream or bomb. To break up the silence with the character of a quietly hysterical American night. The feeling must be given of unbelievable agonies going on . . . above them, the shrill laughter. The occasional burst of fire.

Dawn to morning, the flag of American sky grows dim and breaks up into white clouds. It is Sunday morning. A calm over the cities. Washington/New York. We see white people going to church, starched and stiff, the black people going into their churches. The otherwise quiet streets. Shops, businesses closed.

At the USam offices, however, people are moving back and forth. There is an anteroom, where the men take off their outside clothes, revealing USam suits. The women in another chamber, the top hats collapsible ones they take out of their pockets or pull out of the lockers.

Airplane interior. The dazed Negroes sitting inside being talked to by the war room officer, "Now let's go over the details one more time."

ATTENDANT

Sir, we'll be in New York in 15 minutes.

INSTRUCTOR

All right men, check your weapons . . . and go over your assignments for me one more time.

NEGROES

"I get the guards out of the way." "I stage the commotion." "I lead my men up the side hallway and through the front aisle, blasting after the first shot."

After the briefing . . . attendant comes back, "5 minutes."

INSTRUCTOR

O˙K˙ . . . uh . . . men.

(*Loudspeaker starts playing Star Spangled Banner*. NEGROES *fall on floor licking the* WHITE MAN'S *shoes one at a time, in perfect order. The plane, seen from the outside, speeds on*.)

As the plane lands, and the men get out and are picked up in cars, which speed off towards the city, the tall bearded black man with the rimless glasses is just getting out of bed. Knock on the door of the room.

X

Come.

S

(M's *aide comes in*).

Morning.

X

Morning.

S

Sir, we've got to get started . . . we're sort of running behind schedule . . . as it is.

X

O˙K˙, O˙K˙, my egg and juice ready

(*Calling out into the hall*.)??

WIFE'S VOICE

(*from out in the hall*).

Sure they're ready. The kids are up too. Only thing not functioning in here is you.

(*Laughs. Voices of kids*, "Daddy's up . . . daddy's awake . . . daddy's awake.")

S

We're supposed to be at the hall in about an hour. It's 30 minutes just to get to the city.

X

Yeh . . . yeh . . . we'll make it.

(*Starts to get himself together*.)

Say what's happening in the world this morning?

S

(*w/newspaper*).

Same ol'. Same ol'. Charles still knocking people off. People still not together . . . makes the meatball's attitude much safer and stronger.

X

And much more deadly. Well today is a historic date, of some kind. Got a lot of things to say this morning.

(*Laughs, dressing*.)

S

(*laughs*).

I know. I know.

House bell rings . . . wife calls out, "Malcolm, Price and the others are here."

X

O˙K˙

S

I'll see to them.

X

(S *exits*, M *humming to himself, tying tie &c˙, looking over a speech he is to give at the ballroom . . . just a few words are audible*).

". . . is mass murderer. I got proof."

(*Laughs*.)

Hmmm . . . that ought to shake up a whole lot of devils. Shake 'em very hard.

S

(*calling from next room*.)

Brother Malcolm, we gonna be late . . .

(*Laughs*.)

again.

M

(*finishing up going over his speech*).

Just keeping the stereotype, brother, that's all, just keeping the stereotype.

(*He enters dining room, six* MEN *sitting around the table stand when he enters*.)

ALL

Greetings, Bro˙ M˙ Morning.

X

Sit Sit . . . get that grease and let's split.

(*All laugh and begin eating*.)

HIPPY PRESIDENT

(*bearded -talking on phone*).

Yes . . . yes . . . that's right. About 45 minutes, unless he's late. Right. It's done.

(*Turns away from phone, punches intercom*.)

Ross, turn on the television to any news broadcast . . . let me know at once if anything . . . uh . . . important happens.

ROSS

Yes, sir.

Fat klansman disturbed by phone . . . waddles out of bed . . . girl in bed moaning about the disturbance . . . "Oh, God . . . baby, why do you have to leave me?"

KLANSMAN

Bizness . . . I trust . . . bizness

(*Picks up phone*.).

Yeh . . . Of course . . . it's taken care of in one half hour, I get here . . . unless the nigger's late. I

(*Laughs*.).

Right

(*Laughs*.).

The old man is O˙K˙ . . . I fixed it. It's up to yr people now. Right!

(*Hangs up phone. Calls to* GIRL.)

GobbleGobble . . . GobbleGobble . . .

GIRL

Yes, God, baby.

KLANSMAN

Turn on the tv . . . get a news program. Something nice is gonna happen in a few minutes. A historic event.

GIRL

Wheeee . . . oh, baby . . . that's what I like about you . . . yr in on everything.

Elegant inner office of elegant mansion. Stacks of bank notes lie all over the place, though neatly stacked. Gold bullion on the floor. A portrait of Uncle Sam dressed in gold.

Fat bald white banker sits surrounded by money, talking on phone.

BANKER

Looter, here. Yes . . . everything in readiness?? Yes, O˙K˙ I have my suit pressed for the occasion. A little party at my place afterwards . . . Yes . . . wear your good clothes . . . Haha . . . the rite goes on, eh? Good . . . O˙K˙ O˙K˙

(*Knock at the door*.)

O˙K˙, got to leave now; right . . . 15 or so minutes, huh?? O˙K˙ right . . . see you this evening . . . the good Lord willing.

(*Hangs up*.)

Come in.

(SERVANT *comes in dragging huge sack of money*.)

Just drop it in the corner . . . no, better . . . just dump it on the floor.

(*Dumps gold coins on floor*.)

Beautiful . . . beautiful. That'll be all.

(*Room is furnished like study, library, rumpus room, with trophies, black man's shrunken head like Patrice Lumumba on wall*.)

Beautiful.

(*Goes, looking at his watch, to turn on tv, then goes back and sprawls in the gold, wallowing drunkenly.*)

The greyhaired Negro standing before a banquet audience. A huge white man handing him an award; says, as he hands it to him, "For Meritorious Service." The assembled white audience applauds and cheers.

The Audubon Ballroom. Black people going in, white police around. We see the four black traitors arrive separately, one looks at one of the policemen, significantly.

M's cars arrive. The men get out walking casually in front and in back of him. M turns to make sure his wife and children get out and are walking beside him.

X

Beautiful . . . Beautiful day . . . The sun is strong medicine.

(*People greet him:* "Good afternoon, Brother M˙")

X

Good to see you, on this beautiful day.

(One old lady gives him flowers and a sudden kiss on the cheek.)

X

(jokingly).

Easy madam, my wife's here.

(All laugh . . . He goes in, greeting people.)

The greyhaired Negro is receiving his award. The crowd applauds. His wife comes to embrace him. She is dressed in a civil war ball gown. Closeup of the crowd applauding each other. The other speakers on the stage, the Negro grinning from ear to ear. The award he has received is a life sized watermelon made of precious stones and gold.

At klansman's. Km has his klan suit on, also, the girl has taken from a newly unwrapped box, two dresses . . .

one is the green and maroon feminine pairing of his costume, another dress made out of an American flag, just like the USam suits. They have been practicing putting on a small tee. The fat man is putting, now watching tv. At this point the screen (which does not have to be seen): "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin . . ."

Banker's home. The banker spins on his heel, while counting the money . . . at the same announcement.

Audubon. M is walking onto the stage . . . people are being seated. His bodyguard has formed where they are supposed to. Four in front of the stage. Stationed in balcony, and at back of hall. The assembled applaud as M approaches the podium.

Bearded HIPPY PRESIDENT and his staff sit now, in front of tv, sipping drinks. Instructor and his staff and war room staff sit, joking quietly, taciturn and tensed.

Office of USam: People aware more or less of something impending momentarily. The US uniforms pausing, perhaps, to whisper to each other, keeping eyes on clock, some eyeing television screens, or listening to small radios . . . still going through the motions of their work.

Empty war room. W/black board upon which is written OPERATION SAMBO, also times; operators' code names; trans instructions; ops officer in charge, &c˙

Audubon. Also from radios, USam tv's˙ M is speaking: "They are evil people because they benefit by being evil . . . or they think they benefit . . . finally, they will not benefit by it at all. Not at all. (Applause.) We speak of revolution and don't even know what it is. A revolution means land. (Audience responds with "Speak Brother," "Go ahead" . . . "Amen.") A revolution also means bloodshed. There is no revolution without bloodshed."

(The man in the middle of the hall begins a rumble . . . M's bodyguards move forward on a signal from one man who seems to be in Malcolm's guard. The killers in the audience start to move. He holds up his hands . . . in peace.)

X

Oh, O˙K˙, cool it brothers . . . everything's gonna be O˙K˙

(The shooting begins. The killers move up the aisles, blasting away . . . Closeup of Malcolm's face. He grabs his chest. People scream.)

The news on tv, in all the rooms. The white men howling with laughter or snickering, or grinning half embarrassed at their victory. As the news is announced all the ofays begin to change clothes, and put on Uncle Sam suits, top hats and chin beards. The banker begins to call people about his party.

Malcolm is falling. People screaming. The assassins disappearing in a prearranged manner. Into cars . . . to an abandoned part of town . . . since it is Sunday. Then to a waiting helicopter and off.

Malcolm's body in closeup. The bullets hitting him again, him clutching his chest.

Now a shot of black people (and Africans and Asians and Latinamericans) clutching their breasts, as if shot, at the same time.

The greyhaired Negro is finishing buttoning on his USam suit. The audience still applauding.

Malcolm dead on floor with weeping hysterical mourners. We hear the tv announcer: "Today black extremist

Malcolm X was killed by his own violence."

Klansman is laughing, fingering the girl's snatch, &c˙

Last image is of all the featured ofays together at a party in USam suits, celebrating and making jokes, later going through a weird historic ritual, with the Viking, Conquistador, Caveman, Roman, Greek, leading a slow weird dance as they put on USam suits, making growling unintelligible noises, but ending each phrase rhythmically with "White!" "White!" "White!!" "White!!" &c˙

-Black-